





## Despotism.

The rankness of despotism must be felt to be realized. We cannot know it by description; no imagination can point it out as it is.

The other day we stated that the Emperor of Russia forbade the papers in Poland from noticing the Revolution in France. Since then, according to the French Journal in New York, he has told them what to say. The Warsaw Press contains the following notice of that event.

"At Paris there was a riot which was promptly put down. His Majesty Louis Philippe, in a seriously indisposed state, by the advice of his physicians, has resolved to obtain for some time from the affairs of Government, and gone to take the sea-bath at Brighton. On the King's departure there was a slight commotion, which was repressed, and which resulted in the retreat of M. Guizot. During his absence, the King has confided the direction of affairs to Count Mole."

How despotism, with its shame, fears the light! How it trembles when the people arise from their slumber, and cry, "let us be free!" Poor Nicholas would not let his fact be known in his dominions.

## The Senate Debate.

The violence of Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Foote, &c., has created quite a sensation in the North. The papers of both sides denounce it. "What say you," "cannot a law be proposed without a Senator being defied and denounced. Is it treason to propose in Washington what the Legislature of Maryland has passed into solemn act? Must liberty of speech be denied—or its denial threatened, because a Northern Senator differs with Southern Senators? If it comes to this, it is high time the country should know it." The Era, after showing that the law proposed by Mr. Hale, was in spirit, identical with that passed in Maryland, remarks:

"Now, look over the debate, and see the ferocious invective and abuse which Mr. Calhoun and his friends chose to indulge in towards the New Hampshire Senator, on account of his denials threatened, because a Northern Senator differs with Southern Senators? If it comes to this, it is high time the country should know it." The Era, after showing that the law proposed by Mr. Hale, was in spirit, identical with that passed in Maryland, remarks:

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to live, and see how the many fare amid slavery. That's the true test. Apply it. Apply it anywhere, to any class, and you will find our position proved beyond the shadow of a doubt. Let us see if we cannot make it clear even to prejudiced eyes.

Senator UNDERWOOD calculates that a white family looking to, and living upon, the proceeds of slave labor, will, in the third generation, be helplessly poor. Suppose it starts with an hundred slaves. While cotton, or rice, or tobacco is high in price, and the land which produces one or all of them is strong, the family can be indolent, expensive, careless, reckless if you please. True, rain overtakes them at last; for slave labor is too costly to permit such excess; still, for two generations, they go on proudly displaying five or ten negroes before the family having five or ten negroes as a patrimony. They cannot afford to be either indolent or expensive. Yet pride, the spirit of caste, above all the degradation of labor, forbids them from delving in ditches, or doing any kind of drudgery. No slave's work for them! No drudgery for mother or father or son! No common drudgery for mother or daughter! The result is, that in a majority of cases, families thus situated, become bankrupt after the father dies! That is, they are left miserably poor in a single life.

The truth is, small slaveholders and poor white laborers having no slaves, suffer most sharply and immediately the horrible ills of slavery. It may be said, "they should do better—they ought to avoid this indolence, this excess"—they do so; they do; but who among us could do better? Who under like circumstances, would be better off or braver? We should fall under the same indolence. We should feel the same dislike for servile labor. We should long for slaves, that we might enjoy our ease, while we compelled them to work for us. And thus our energy, our habits of industry, all that goes to make a man, or make a community, would be relaxed, and false pride, the spirit of caste, and false notions of honor, would take the place of industry, a man's servility, an honest independence. And what follows? Why, the impoverished sell, and go away; the clear-sighted, selling the certain result, emigrate at once; and thus the history of an old slave State, shows, invariably, exhausted wealth, a decreasing population, no great or successful improvements, no universal education, no progress.

3. The State will decay more and more, if slavery be continued.

This follows from what we have said. But it may be made clearer still to the common vision by reference to a few facts. What cities in the State flourish most? Those freed from slavery? Cincinnati has increased, proportionately, far more than any one or all the others. She has less than eight hundred slaves in four counties around her! What counties are the most prosperous? Those with the fewest negroes in them! Compare, for this end, the river with the interior counties, as our intelligent correspondent Cate has done, and like him, too, if you would grasp the full evil of slavery, contrast both with any of the counties of Ohio. But after all, it is not wealth, it is not money, nor the hope of making it, which ever yet started into a great movement, or swept it on triumphantly. A tattered and painted emblem, flapping idly in the wind, will rouse a nation, and bid it scatter property like chaff, and shed blood like water, if thereby a nation's liberty may be won. And it is the greatest cause of slavery, its odious, blackest work, that, insensibly, in defiance of the noble generosity and warm hospitality of planters, of their bravery and high bearing, it cramps and cripples the energy of the common mind of the masses, which thenceforth for the common good. It broods over it like a pest. It is a thrall upon industry—all noble emulation. It subdues, extinguishes the creative power of the people when that should be unkindled and enflamed. It weakens and degrades labor, and thus leaves men without a motive, or the means of growth. It blinds them to the nobleness of their own nature, its capability, greatness, strength, destiny.

What then should Kentucky do? Lift off the incubus. Let our people breathe free. For once give them an hour to recover—to emerge from the thick veil of slavery, and they will be in energy, power, greatness, real growth, equal to the foremost in our land, or in any land. Look ahead, then, statesmen! Look ahead, patriots! And say whether you will labor to fill them with new life, to open for them all the avenues of honor and progress, through universal freedom, or leave them cowed, oppressed, thrall in mind and estate, by the crushing, demoralizing influences of slavery?

YUCATAN.

Mr. Polk has transmitted a message to Congress relating to Yucatan. Mr. Calhoun assailed it in the Senate, and we agree with him generally in his views. That is, we think it about folly in our government to set up as protector of this whole continent—to undertake to say, who shall or shall not rule over particular parts of it. Do for humanity what is required—but do it on the right ground.

Here is Brazil. Not long ago one of Louis Philippe's family married a daughter of the Emperor. Suppose the people should say, in consequence of this, or as a matter of choice, "we will henceforth be a colony of France!" must we go to war with France that account, and declare that she shall have no foothold on this continent? Suppose, again, that these very Yucatanees should appeal to England for support, and offer to put themselves under her protection to save their existence—shall we declare war against England on that account? The idea seems to us preposterous.

Mr. Polk submits it to the wisdom of Congress.

"To adopt such measures as, in their judgment, may be expedient to prevent Yucatan from becoming a colony of any European power, which in no event could be permitted by the United States; and at the same time to rescue the white race from extermination or expulsion from their country."

This is plain to every eye but half open in city, or country. What the slave does, the white hates to do. What is considered slave's work, the white will not perform if he can help it. Take one example. We obtain water in Louisville for use, from public pumps in our streets. Where the whites, as a general thing, who can be found supplying their own household? Where the laboring men who will consent that members of their family shall go to these pumps, and obtain water? All this is slavish work, and must be done by slaves. This involves the hire of negroes; increase of expense when they are not able to bear it, heavy burdens upon pure, heavy trials of patience, and the creation of a class of difficulties which, ends, at last, in driving our laboring men away. Is there no wrong here? Is there no oppression? It is the laboring man's right to have the freedom of opportunity to win his way up and on, and it is the duty of every good citizen to help give him that opportunity. But can he possess, or we confer, this privilege while the institution of slavery exists among us? Never!

2. The effect of slavery is to impoverish, thus, the whole of it, and keep down those who have nothing with which to start in life. Now do not begin, reader, to count up exceptions—to say, "there is Mr. A. or Mr. B. who have increased the stock he started with, or made a fortune without having a dollar except what he made." This is so. You find these exceptions; they are real heroes. But instead of considering them, take a thousand people in the country, or the city, where you may happen

to live, and see how the many fare amid slavery. That's the true test. Apply it. Apply it anywhere, to any class, and you will find our position proved beyond the shadow of a doubt. Let us see if we cannot make it clear even to prejudiced eyes.

And there can be no reason for interposing in the case of Yucatan. Let us see it. But "some European Powers," says Mr. Calhoun, "have not the same fear of the extreme of poverty, that such a fear is the extreme of folly. But what does this objection involve? Why, that the people of the United States, who are afraid, lest Europeans may come too near us, let them come. We are not strong enough to protect ourselves? Is there any danger of our losing our nationality from this or any other cause? None whatever. Who is causing the great commotion in Europe? Whose example is rocking to and fro the nations of Europe, with united acclamations, they shout for liberty? Ours, and ourselves! Yet we stand and tremble when an intimation is thrown out that an European Power may take possession of lands near to our own. Let them do it. If we are true to ourselves, they could never hurt a hair of our heads, while surely and certainly we should indomitably meet with the great idea of our Republic. We have nothing to fear. Why, then, assume to be the protector, in part or whole, of the other nations of this continent?

Mr. Calhoun's idea that this Yucatan war is a war between races is manifestly erroneous. The civilized Indian falls before the blow of the wild man, as quickly as the Spaniard. They make no distinctions whatever. But the whole matter is before Congress, and doubtless it will, in the case, upon certain information, and wisely.

The Latest.

We give full accounts of European news by the Britannia to report. The first thing of moment in the news from Europe, is the Black Republic. The Black Republic has attempted the overthrow of the Provisional Government. What the result will be, we cannot say, but we hope and believe he will fail. If so, the Provisional Government will be strengthened, and a brighter day dawn upon France.

The second fact is a threatened revolution in Ireland. We believe it will only be a threatened one. Outbreak there may be; but no revolution. The worst feature in the English news, is the extreme measures resorted to, or proposed by Lord John Russell to protect the crown. "They can have no other effect," says a high authority—"than converting every high-minded Englishman into a lover of our institutions. The power of remonstrance is to be silenced; we are to be ruled by a rod of iron, and transported if we murmur. The doctrine of constructive treason is to be revived. Parliament, by enormous majorities, holds on the law-officers of the Crown, in this vile crusade against liberty. Terror dominates in the legislature, for the new statute is the child of the most cruel fears. Government must be conscious of its own misdeeds when it seeks shelter and impunity in laws which are only fit for the latitude of St. Petersburg."

The people of England are loyal. They support the Queen heartily, enthusiastically—but they will not support, unless we mistake them, a Ministry, or a Parliament, which looks and labors for one end—the upholding of the privileges of the aristocracy. Why, under the statue proposed by Lord John, and certain to be passed, the trust loyalist may be imprisoned, for words honestly spoken against a heartless oligarchy? Can they be so against a heartless oligarchy? We think not; but we think, at the same time, that this tyrannical legislation will have the effect to quadruple the strength of the true reformers of England, and thus to uproot the source whence springs such monstrous despotism, by pacific action.

We have no idea of the fears of the aristocracy of England, on the one hand, or their despotism disposition on the other. An example will best illustrate both. Mr. Hume wished to know whether the statute would apply to members of Parliament? To this Col. Sibthorp replied:

"He tendered his best thanks to the Government, for the fairness displayed on the part of the Government on the previous day (cheers), and also for the introduction of this bill. He only regretted that it was not ten times stronger. (A laugh.) When he heard the Hon. member for Montrose say that he was to apply to the members of the legislative assembly, he would tell the Hon. gentleman that if he were guilty of anything contained in this bill, he would rise in his place, and recommend that the Hon. gentleman should be taken to the Tower for the remainder of his life (great laughter), and he had no hesitation in saying he should have rejoiced if some of the leaders who had interrupted the business of the metropolis on the previous day, and had attempted to disturb the peace of the country, had been dragged and ducked in the Thames, and then he would not say did—but sent home with their wet clothes. (Laughter.)"

What a spirit! What a reckless defiance of popular opinion! The Col. and all of his ilk, not only assert the "divine" principles, and to every demand for the extension of popular rights, no matter how or by whom made, say "No! No! not an inch will we yield! No particle of power give up!" but they make it treason, sedition, to speak or act against abuse, or upon such privilege. Exclaims a powerful writer:

"We want our readers of the fearful results of this monstrous legislation. The Bill, once on the statute book, will almost require a revolution to be repealed. While it lasts, the best men in the country will be liable to be torn from their families and deported to Norfolk Island, even men who would defend the Queen's prerogative with their lives, but who spurn the rule of a rapacious and tyrannical oligarchy. But to live in Russia under an honestly avowed despotism, than to dwell in England under a nominally free constitution, where the cathos of two men may condemn a patriot to banishment."

But full news will reach us in a day or so. Let us wait, then, until we know exactly what the British Ministry mean to do—how far they are resolved to carry their despotism.

Emancipation Paper in Virginia.

The Editor, edited by ANSON BRESKIN, and published at Mount Vernon, Virginia, made its appearance on the 29th of April. The Editor says:

"One object, and we may say the main object we have in presenting the public with this weekly visitor, is EMANCIPATION—a theme which is now absorbing both the North and South."

Welcome, brother, most welcome! There are none desiring the removal of slavery, who will not hail the Editor with pleasure, from all who long, or labor for Emancipation. It will receive a hearty "God Speed."

The Editor believes the time has come for action in Western Virginia. Doubtless, it is so. That vast and fertile region needs only the stimulus of free institutions, and free labor, to make it one of the most desirable portions of our land. What action is more headlong? Where is there more water power? In what portion of any State can we find a larger amount and variety of mineral resources? Nature has scattered, very liberal hand, and most profusely, too, every means of wealth, of power, of sustaining a dense and thriving population, and nothing but slavery has prevented these means from being used long ago.

The Editor continues:

"We do not feel at all ashamed to embark in this general crusade against the system of American slavery; it is a notorious fact, that many of the ablest citizens of the nation, have declared in favor of emancipation, as the only means of saving the nation from a premature and disgraceful death. Many, very many, slaveholders, in Virginia, are in favor of a well-considered, and efficient for its attainment."

This is true. There are, at this time, in Ken-

tucky, Virginia, and Maryland, large bodies of slaveholders who are preparing to leave the country for Europe, and for the reason should be understood, and just justice do to them. Many persons, without fully comprehending their character, or motives, may, of rather, ask, "why do they not set free their slaves at once?" If this be so, and because they do not do it, reject their said, or doubt their word. This is wrong. The slaveholders thus resolved—or those among them who know—agree thus: "the change is a most desirable one for master and man; but it will be a gratification for both; and that it may be made wisely, and with benefit to both, we must see that all things are ready; that all parties are prepared." But apart from theories of any side, what higher gratification could slaveholders give, or we ask, if their sincerity—or their earnestness in behalf of emancipation—than the simple fact that they lead in the good cause—are ready with pen, tongue and purse to help it forward? Above all, let us do full justice to this class. If it have, and hear, too, our emphatic, earnest words.

The Editor, after saying that the very necessities of the State, and the spirit of the world calls for Emancipation, adds:

"Then let the public opinion move on in the great and public opinion—only let the friends of Liberty march on with an undivided front; and soon—very soon—we shall have something done that will tell Liberty."

We wish kindly to repeat, to the friends of Liberty, that the friends of Liberty march on with an undivided front; and soon—very soon—we shall have something done that will tell Liberty."

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## No. IV.—Facts and Reflections for the consideration of the Thoughtful.

In my last number I showed from well authenticated data, that Kentucky is far behind her neighbor Ohio, in point of manufactures; one of the principal sources of national wealth and prosperity. I now present the reader with a few facts which will enable him to form a pretty correct idea of the comparative commerce of the two States:

Number of commercial houses in foreign trade in Ohio, - 53  
Number of same in Kentucky, - 5

Difference in favor of Ohio, - 48

Number of commission houses in Ohio, - 241  
Number of same in Kentucky, - 50

Difference in favor of Ohio, - 191

Total capital invested in foreign commercial, and in commission houses in Ohio, - \$5,928,200  
Total of same in Kentucky, - 620,700

Difference in favor of Ohio, - \$5,307,500

Number of retail groceries and stores in Ohio, - 4,605  
Number of same in Kentucky, - 1,685

Difference in favor of Ohio, - 2,920

Total capital invested in retail groceries and stores in Ohio, - \$21,282,225  
Total of same in Kentucky, - \$4,111,826

Difference in favor of Ohio, - \$17,170,399

Total capital invested in Lumber yards in Ohio, - \$267,343  
Total of same in Kentucky, - 105,925

Difference in favor of Ohio, - \$161,418

Number of men employed in lumber yards in Ohio, - 2,891  
Number of same in Kentucky, - 571

Difference in favor of Ohio, - 2,320

Number of men employed in internal transportation in Ohio, - 854  
Number of same in Kentucky, - 101

Difference in favor of Ohio, - 753

Butchers, packers, &c.—Number of men employed in Ohio, - 1,061  
Number of same in Kentucky, - 183

Difference in favor of Ohio, - 878

Total capital invested in the last named branches of business in Ohio, - \$4,617,570  
Total of same in Kentucky, - 183,500

Difference in favor of Ohio, - \$4,434,070

Number of persons employed in commerce in Ohio, - 9,201  
Number of same in Kentucky, - 3,448

Difference in favor of Ohio, - 5,753

These are the results of a comparison of the aggregate commerce of the two States. Cincinnati, the principal commercial city of Ohio, is situated in Hamilton county, and Louisville, the only commercial city of any importance in Kentucky, is in Jefferson county. I will now present the reader with a few commercial statistics which will enable him to form some idea of the comparative commerce of these two once rival commercial cities. It should be borne in mind, however, that these statistics were taken in 1840, when the population of Louisville was 21,210, and that of Cincinnati 46,338. If the commerce of the former place has greatly increased since that time, so, also, has that of the latter. There is no doubt, but that the comparison could be brought down to the present time, would be still more unfavorable to Louisville. Since 1840 the population of Cincinnati has increased to about 100,000 while that of Louisville is supposed to be about 43,000.

Number of commission houses, and of commercial houses in foreign trade, in Hamilton county, - 78  
Number of same in Jefferson county, - 12

Difference in favor of Hamilton co., - 66

Total capital invested in commission houses, and in foreign commercial houses in Hamilton county, - \$5,200,000  
Total of same in Jefferson county, - 191,800

Difference in favor of Hamilton co., \$5,008,200

Number of retail groceries and stores in Hamilton county, - 1,139  
Number of same in Jefferson county, - 270

Difference in favor of Hamilton co., 869

Total capital invested in retail groceries and stores in Hamilton county, - \$12,961,400  
Total of same in Jefferson county, - 2,182,980

Difference in favor of Hamilton co., 10,778,420

Total capital invested in lumber yards in Hamilton county, - \$161,300  
Total of same in Jefferson county, - 82,000

Difference in favor of Hamilton co., \$79,300

Number of men employed in lumber yards in Hamilton county, - 73  
Number of same in Jefferson county, - 18

Difference in favor of Hamilton co., 55

Number of men employed in internal transportation in Hamilton co., - 248  
Number of same in Jefferson co., - 600

Difference in favor of Hamilton co., 352

Butchers, packers, &c.—Number of men employed in Hamilton county, - 822  
Number of same in Jefferson county, - 108

Difference in favor of Hamilton co., 714

Total capital invested in the last named branches of business in Hamilton county, - \$4,108,130  
Total of same in Jefferson county, - 74,600

Difference in favor of Hamilton co., \$4,033,530

## France and Freedom.

One of the resolutions offered at the French sympathy meeting, Philadelphia, by Dr. Elder, and unanimously passed, is the following:

"Resolved, That the proclamation of Louisiana's freedom, by the universal suffrage, and the earnestly endeavored organization of industry, reveals the sentiments of our own revolution, in all its deep significance, and promises its fulfillment to the hopes and hearts of the whole family of man."

The Roman correspondence of New York Tribune, referring to the effect of the news of the French Revolution, of the action of North Italy, &c., upon Rome, says:

"With indescribable rapture these news were received in Rome. Men were seen dancing, women weeping with joy along the streets. The youth rushed to the frontier. In the Colosseum their names were received. Father Gavazzi, a truly patriotic man, gave them the cross to carry on a pole, a better, because defensive cross. He said, 'long live the Republic! long live the Republic!' He said, 'Romans, do you wish to go; do you wish to go with all your hearts? If so, you may, and those who do not wish to go themselves may be carried off by force, and fifteen hundred a day.' The people cried 'We wish to go, but we do not wish to go; the Government is very poor; we can live on a paul a day. The prices are falling, and giving one six thousand others twenty, fifteen, ten thousand dollars. The people answered by giving at the benches which are opened in the piazzas literally everything; street-peddlers gave the gains of each day; we gave every ornament—from the splendid necklace and bracelet, down to the poorest coral; servant girls gave five pauls, two pauls, even half a paul, if they had no more, a man all his rings gave, and a woman her earrings. 'Then,' said Torlonia, 'take from me this dollar,' the man of rage thanked him warmly and handed that also to the bench, which refused to receive it. 'No! that must be the people who the traveler accuses of being unable to rise above selfish considerations. Nation, rich and glorious by nature as ever, capable like all nations of being led by the hand of slavery, capable as are few nations, few men, of kindling into pure flame at the touch of a ray from the Sun of Truth, of Life."

There is no power which can long resist public opinion. Not even royalty dare make the attempt! We must look, therefore, for mighty changes in England—changes to be wrought, as we believe, not by blood, but by moral power, not through the sword, but by logic.

It is a hard thing for the aristocracy to give up pension, place, power, title—but they will have to do it. There is no escape. Not a press in England—not a leading mind there, that does not, it has to be, and it is for the privileged classes to determine whether it shall be done in peace, or in civil commotion.

Here is a keen article from Douglas Jerrold on the subject:

We must believe that the late motion—though withdrawn—of Lord E. Russell, touching public salaries and emoluments, is only preparatory to a great work of self-sacrifice on the part of many of the salaried and pensioned aristocracy. A







# LITERARY EXAMINER.

Below and Above.

BY CHARLES MACY.

Mighty river, oh! mighty river,  
Rolling in ebb and flow forever  
Through the city so vast and old;  
Through massive bridge—by domes and  
spires,  
Crowned with the smoke of a myriad fires:  
City of majesty, power, and gold;  
Thou lovest to rest on thy waters dull  
The white-winged flocks so beautiful,  
And the stately steamers passing along,  
Wind-defying, and swift and strong.  
Thou lovest them all thy motherly breast,  
Laden with riches, at trade's behest;  
Bounteous trade, whose wine and corn  
Stock the garner and fill the horn,  
Who gives us luxury, joy, and pleasure,  
Stillness, ease, out of measure—  
Thou art a rich and mighty river,  
Rolling in ebb and flow forever.

Doleful river, oh! doleful river,  
Pale on thy breast the moonbeams quiver,  
Through the city so drear and cold—  
City of sorrows, hard to be so bold;  
Of guilt, injustice, and despair—  
City of misery untold;  
Thou hidest below, in thy treacherous waters,  
The death-cold form of Beauty's daughters;  
The corpse pale from the young and merry breast,  
Of the old whom sorrow has goaded mad—  
Mothers of babes that cannot know  
The sire that left them to their woe—  
Women forlorn, and men that run  
The race of passion, and die undone;  
Thou takest them all in thy careless wave,  
Thou givest them all a ready grave,  
Thou art a black and doleful river,  
Rolling in ebb and flow forever.

In ebb and flow forever and ever—  
Who rolls the world that murky river,  
So rolls the tide, above and below;  
Above, the power impels his boat;  
Below, with the current the dead men float:  
The waves may smile in the sunny glow,  
While above, in the glitter, and pomp, and  
glare,  
The flags of the vessels flap the air;  
But below, in the silent under-tide,  
The water vomits forth the dead;  
Above, the sound of the music swells;  
From the passing ship, from the city bell;  
From below, there cometh a gurgling breath,  
As the desperate diver yields to death;  
Above and below the waters go,  
Bearing their burden of joy or woe;  
Rolling along, thou mighty river,  
In ebb and flow forever and ever.

The Mother.

BY HANS C. ANDERSON.

There sat a mother with a little child.  
She was so downcast, so afraid that it should die.  
It was so pale; the small eyes had  
closed themselves, it drew its breath so  
softly, and now and then with a deep res-  
piration, as if it sighed; and the other look-  
ed still more sorrowfully on the little crea-  
ture.

Then a knocking was heard at the door,  
and in came a poor old man wrapped up as  
in a horse cloth, for it was warm, and he  
needed it, as it was the cold winter season.  
Everything out of doors was covered with  
ice and snow, and the wind blew so that it  
cut the face.

As the old man trembled with cold, and  
the little child slept a moment, the mother  
went and poured some ale into a pint pot,  
and set it on the stove that it might be warm-  
ed for him; the old man sat and rocked the  
cradle, and the mother sat down on a  
chair close by him, looked at her little sick  
child that drew its breath so deep, and raised  
its little hand.

"Do you think that I shall save him?"  
said she "our Lord will not take him from me!"

And the old man, it was Death himself,  
nodded so strangely, it could just as well  
signify yes as no. And the mother looked  
down in her lap, and the tears ran down  
over her cheeks, her head became so heavy,  
she had not closed her eyes for three days  
and nights; and now she slept, but only  
for a minute, when she started up and trem-  
bled with cold. "What is that?" said she,  
and looked on all sides; but the old man  
was gone, and her little child was gone—  
he had taken it with him; and the old  
clock in the corner burred, and burred;  
the great leaden weight ran down to the floor,  
bump! and then the clock also stood still.

But the poor mother ran out of the house,  
and cried aloud for her child.

Out there, in the midst of the snow,  
there sat a woman in a long black cloak;  
and she said—"Death has been in my  
chamber, and I saw him hasten away with  
thy little child; he goes faster than the wind,  
and he never brings back whom he takes!"

"Oh! only tell me which way he went!"  
said the mother; "tell me the way, and I  
shall find him!"

"I know it!" said the woman in the black  
cloak; "but before I tell it, thou must first  
sing for me all the songs thou hast sung for  
thy child—I am fond of them; I have  
heard them before, I am night; I saw thy  
tears whilst thou sangst them!"

"I will sing them all, all!" said the moth-  
er; "but do not stop me now—I may over-  
take him—I may find my child!"

But Night stood still and mute. Then the  
mother wrung her hands, sang and  
wept, and there were many songs, but yet  
many more tears; and then Night said—  
"Go to the right, into the dark pine forest;  
thither I saw Death take his way with thy  
child!"

The roads crossed each other in the  
depths of the forest, and she no longer  
knew whether she should go; then there  
stood a thorn bush, there was neither leaf  
nor flower on it, it was also in the cold  
winter season, and ice-floes hung on the  
branches.

Hast thou not seen Death go past with  
my little child?" said the mother.

"Yes," said the thorn bush; "but I will  
not tell thee which way he took, unless  
thou wilt first warm me up at thy heart. I  
am freezing to death; I shall become a  
lump of ice!"

And she pressed the thorn bush to her  
breast so firmly, that it might be thoroughly  
warmed, and the thorn went right into her  
flesh, and her blood flowed in large drops,  
but the thorn bush shot forth fresh green  
leaves, and there came flowers on it in the  
cold winter night, the heart of the afflicted  
mother was so warm; and the thorn bush  
told her the way she should go.

She then came to a large lake, where  
there was neither ship nor boat. The lake  
was not frozen sufficiently to bear her; nei-  
ther was it open, nor low enough that she  
could go through it; and across it she  
must go if she would find her child. Then  
she lay down to drink up the lake, and  
that was an impossibility for a human being,  
but the afflicted mother thought that a  
miracle might happen nevertheless.

"Oh, what would I not give to come to  
my child!" said the weeping mother, and  
she wept still more, and her eyes sunk  
down in the depths of the waters, and be-  
came two precious pearls; but the water  
bore her up, as if she sat on a swing, and  
she flew in the rocking waves to the shore  
on the opposite side, where there stood a  
mile broad, strange house, one knew not if  
it was a mountain with forests and caverns,  
or if it were built up; but the poor mother  
could not see it, she had wept her eyes out.

"Where shall I find Death, who took  
away my little child?" said she.

"He has not come here yet," said the old

grave woman, who was appointed to look  
after Death's great greenhouse! "How have  
you been able to find the way hither? and  
who has helped you?"

"Our Lord has helped me," said she. He  
is merciful, and you will also be so! Where  
shall I find my little child?"

"Nay, I know not," said the woman,  
"and you cannot see! Many flowers and  
trees have withered this night! Death will  
soon come and plant them over again! You  
certainly know that every person has his or  
her life's tree or flower, just as every one  
happens to be settled; they look like other  
plants, but they have pulsations of the heart.  
Children's hearts can also beat; go after  
yours, perhaps you may know your child's  
but what will you give me, if I tell you  
what you shall do more?"

"I have nothing to give," said the afflicted  
mother, "but I will go to the world's end for  
you."

"Nay, I have nothing to do there," said  
the woman, "but you can give me your long  
black hair; you know yourself that it is  
fine, and that I like! You shall have my  
white hair instead! That's always some-  
thing!"

"Do you demand nothing else?" said she,  
"that will I gladly give you! And she gave  
her fine black hair, and got the old woman's  
snow-white hair instead.

"So you went into Death's great green-  
house, where flowers and trees grew strange-  
ly into one another. There stood fine hya-  
cintus under glass bells, and there stood  
strong stemmed peonies; there grew water  
plants, some so fresh, others half sick, the  
water snake lay down on them, and black  
crabs pinched their stalks. There stood beau-  
tiful palm trees, oaks and plantains, there  
stood parsley and flowering thyme; every  
tree and every flower had its name; each of  
them was a human life, the human frame  
still lived—one in China and one in Green-  
land—round about in the world. There  
were large trees in small pots, so that they  
stood so stunted in growth, and ready to  
burst the pots; in other places there was a  
little daisy flower in rich mould, with moss  
round about it, and it was so petted and  
nursed. But the distressed mother bent  
down over all the smallest plants, and  
heard within them how the human heart  
beat; and amongst millions she knew her  
child's!

"There it is," cried she, and stretched her  
hand out over a little blue crocus, that hung  
sickly on one side.

"Don't touch the flower!" said the old wo-  
man, "but place yourself here, and when  
Death comes—I expect him every moment;  
do not let him pluck the flower up, but  
threaten him that you will do the same with  
others. Then he will be afraid; he is re-  
sponsible for them to our Lord, and no  
one dares to pluck them up before he gives  
leave."

All at once an icy cold rushed through  
the great hall, and the blind mother knew  
that it was Death that came.

"How hast thou been able to find thy way  
hither?" he asked. "How couldst thou come  
quicker than I?"

"I am a mother," said she.

And Death stretched out his long hand  
towards the little flower, but she held her  
hands tight round his, so fast and yet afraid  
that she should touch one of the leaves—

"Then Death blew on her hands, and she  
felt that it was colder than the cold-wind,  
and her hands fell down powerless.

"Thou canst not do anything against me,"  
said Death.

"But our Lord can!" said she.

"I only do his bidding," said Death. "I  
am his gardener; I take all his flowers and  
trees, and plant them in the great garden of  
Paradise, in the unknown land; but how  
they grow there, and how it is there, I dare  
not tell thee."

"Give me my child!" said the mother, and  
she wept and prayed. At once she seized  
hold of two beautiful flowers close by, with  
each hand, and cried out to death, "I will  
tear all thy flowers off, for I am in despair!"

"Touch them not," said Death. "Thou  
sayest thou art so unhappy, and now thou  
wilt make another mother equally unhappy."

"Another mother?" said the poor woman,  
and directly let go her hold of both the flow-  
ers.

"There, thou hast thine eyes," said Death;  
"I fished them up from the lake, they shone  
so bright; I knew not they were thine."

"Take them again; they are now brighter  
than before: now look down into the deep  
well close by, I shall tell thee the names of  
the two flowers thou wouldst have pulled  
up, and thou wilt see their whole future  
life—their whole human existence; see what  
thou wast about to disturb and destroy."

And she looked down into the well; and  
it was a happiness to see how the one be-  
came a blessing to the world, to see how  
much happiness and joy were felt every-  
where. And she saw the other's life, and  
it was sorrow and distress, horror and wretch-  
edness.

"Both of them are God's will!" said  
Death.

"Which of them is Misfortune's flower,  
and which is that of Happiness?" asked she.

"That I will not tell thee," said Death;  
"but this thou shalt know from me, that the  
one flower was thy own child; it was thy  
child's fate thou sawst—thy own child's fu-  
ture life!"

Then the mother screamed with terror.  
"Which of them was my child?" Tell it  
me! save the innocent! save my child from  
all that misery! rather take it away! take it  
into God's kingdom! Forget my tears, for-  
get my prayers, and all that I have done!"

"I do not understand thee," said Death.  
"Wilt thou have thy child again, or shall I  
go with it there, where thou dost not know?"

Then the mother wrung her hands, fell  
upon her knees, and prayed to our Lord—  
"Oh, hear me not, when I pray against thy  
will, which is the best! I hear me not! hear  
me not!"

And she bowed her head down in her lap,  
and Death took her child, and went with it  
to the unknown land.

The original signification of the Word  
Satire.

The original *satira* (afterwards *satira*,  
like *mazama*—*im*) seems to have been,  
somewhat like our *hodge-podge*, a mixture  
of various matters; for we are told that a  
dish heaped up with various fruits and pre-  
sented at the temples of the gods were thus  
named, as also was a kind of pudding or  
sauce in which there were various ingre-  
dients. It is plainly an adjective with the  
substantive suppressed in the ordinary nar-  
row. From the idea of mixing and blend-  
ing varieties, the name was applied in a  
literary sense to a rude kind of drama (*liv*,  
vii. 1.) and then Ennius gave it to a col-  
lection of poems in various measures and on  
various subjects. Lucilius afterwards gave  
name to the poems written in what we now  
term the satirical style, in which he casti-  
gated the vices of his contemporaries; for  
his subjects were various and he used a di-  
versity of metres. Lucilius, as is well  
known, was the model whom Horace  
sought to emulate.—*Keightley's Satires*  
Gen. of Horace.

Execution of Bailly.

"His name is condemned him. He march-  
ed to death among the throng of the multi-  
tude. His punishment was no less than a  
protracted assassination. His head bare,  
his hair cut, his hands tied behind his back  
with an enormous cord; his body covered  
only by a shirt, beneath a freezing sky, he  
slowly traversed the quarters of the capital.

The refuse and scum of Paris, whom he  
had long restrained, appeared to rise and  
precipitate themselves like a torrent round  
the wheels. The executioners themselves,  
indignant at this outrage, reproached the  
people with their outrages. The populace  
was only the more implacable. The horse  
had insisted that the guillotine, generally  
placed at the Place-de-la-Concorde, should  
be that day transported to the Champ-de-  
Mars, that blood might wash out the blood  
upon the ground where it had been shed.

Men who called themselves relations, friends  
or avengers of the victims of the Champ-de-  
Mars, carried a flag in derision, by the side  
of a tumbril, at the end of a pole. They  
dipped it from time to time in the gutter,  
and violently whipped Bailly's face with it.

Others spat in his face. His features lacer-  
ated and soiled with dust and blood, no longer  
presented a human form. Roars of  
laughter and applause encouraged these hor-  
rors. The march, interrupted at stations,  
was lastly three hours, arrived at the place  
of execution, these refined men of wrath made  
Bailly descend from the tumbril, and forced  
him to make on foot the tour of the Champ-de-  
Mars; they ordered him to lick the ground  
on which the blood of the people had flowed.

Even this expiation did not satisfy them.  
The guillotine had been erected in the  
enclosure itself of the Champ-de-Mars. The  
earth of the fédération appeared to the  
people too sacred to be stained by an execu-  
tion. The executioners were ordered to  
take down the scaffold piece by piece, and  
to reconstruct it close to the banks of the  
Seine, upon a dung heap accumulated from  
the sewers of Paris. The executioners  
were constrained to obey. The machine  
was dismantled. As if to parody the puni-  
ishment of Christ bearing his cross, the mon-  
sters loaded the shoulders of the old man  
with the heavy beams which supported the  
platform of the scaffold. Their blows com-  
bined the condemned to drag himself along  
under this weight. He fainted under his  
burden; coming to himself he arose, and  
shoots of laughter rallied him upon his age  
and infirmities. They made him look on,  
during an hour, at the tardy reconstruction  
of his own scaffold. Rain, mingled with  
snow, inundated his head, and froze his  
limbs. His body trembled with cold. His  
soul was firm. His grave and placid coun-  
tenance preserved its serenity. His impos-  
sible reason passed above this populace,  
and looked beyond them. He tasted martyr-  
dom, and did not find it more bitter than  
the hope for which he submitted to it. He  
discouraged calmly with the assistants. One  
of them, seeing him paralyzed with cold,  
said to him, "you tremble, Bailly." "Yes,  
my friend," replied the old man to him,  
"but it is with cold." At last the axe ter-  
minated this scene of protracted cruelty. It  
had lasted five hours. Bailly pitied the  
people, thanked the executioner, and confi-  
ded himself to immortality. Few victims  
ever met with viler executioners, few execu-  
tions ever met with so exalted a victim."—*Lamar-  
tine's Girondists*.

Notes.

In Ninfa, love for the beautiful was in-  
nate, and her devotion to the fine arts un-  
bounded. Poetry, music, and painting,  
were the natural expressions of her soul,  
and these reflected a peculiar coloring upon  
her words and actions. True, she some-  
times yielded to the vain delusions of fan-  
ciful true, her enthusiasm often verged upon  
exaggeration; yet shall we censure this ar-  
dent daughter of the warm South, and judge  
her according to the received formula of a  
sterner and less sunny clime? Shall we  
condemn because we do not understand? The  
ways of genius are not the ways of ordi-  
nary men.

She was a creature of contrasts, this  
Ninfa, and therein precisely lay her potent  
charm. Her light hair and transparent  
complexion betrayed her Northern extrac-  
tion, but her dark blue eyes were entirely—  
almost entirely, Italian. Almost we say,  
for though in general the Southern fire  
was discernible, there were times when a  
softness, or rather sadness, tempered the ar-  
dour of her expression, and tears glistened  
in her like dew in the morning sun; her  
eyebrows were of the deepest black, yet so  
delicately pencilled upon the alabaster fore-  
head, that though they gave to her counte-  
nance a certain character of decision, they  
in no measure diminished its feminine soft-  
ness. The character of her mind might be  
described as the resultant of many contrasts  
forming one harmonious whole. Thoroughly  
Italian in her manner and bearing, she  
possessed the graceful simplicity of address,  
the entire freedom from affectation, which  
characterizes that people; but her heart was  
gifted with a steadfast constancy, a power  
of endurance, rarely to be found in persons  
of excitable temperament. The union of  
Italian impulse and German feeling, was  
especially manifested in a captivating smile  
peculiar to herself. This was at once bright  
and sorrowful, attractive and dignified, and  
told of emotions deep, fervent, and of which  
the highest natures are alone susceptible.—  
*Tales from the German*.

Look at the Bright Side.

Look at the bright side! The sun's golden  
rays  
All nature illumines, and the heart of man  
cheereth;

Why wilt thou turn so perversely to gaze  
On the dark cloud which now in the distance  
approacheth?

Look at the bright side! Recount all thy joys;  
Speak of the mercies which richly surround  
thee;

Mine not for ever on that which annoys;  
Shut not thine eyes to the beauties around  
thee.

Look at the bright side! Mankind, it is true,  
Have their failings, nor should they be spoken  
of lightly;

But why on their faults thus concentrate thy  
view?  
Forgetting their virtues which shine forth so  
brightly?

Look at the bright side! And it shall impart  
Sweet peace, and contentment, and grateful  
emotion,  
Reflecting its own brilliant hues on thy heart,  
As the anemone that mirrors herself in  
the ocean.

Look at the bright side! Nor yield to despair;  
If some friends forsake, yet mournful still love  
thee;

And when the world seems mournful colors to  
wear,  
Oh, look from the dark earth to heaven above  
thee.

Dante.

"The revolution was with him an in-  
stinct and not a religion. He served it as  
the wind serves the tempest, by elevating  
the foam and sporting with its waves. He  
had its intoxication rather than its love. He  
represented the masses and not the superior-  
ities of the epoch. He displayed the agita-  
tion, force, ferocity, generosity, all in turns,  
of these masses. A man of temperament

rather than of thought, more elemental than  
intelligent, he was still a statesman, beyond  
any of those who tried to handle and man-  
age men and things in those times of Utopi-  
anism. He was even a greater statesman than  
Mirabeau, if by that appellation we mean  
the man who understands the mechanism  
of government independently of its ideal;  
he had political instinct. He had drawn  
from Machiavelli those maxims which teach  
all that power or tyranny may effect in  
States. He knew the vices and weaknesses  
of the people, but not their virtues. He  
understood nothing of what forms the  
holiness of governments, for he did not  
see God in men, but merely chance. His  
was one of the admirers of ancient fortune,  
who adored in her the deity of success only.  
He felt his value as a statesman, with the  
greater complacency as democracy was fur-  
ther beneath him. He admitted himself as  
a giant among the dwarfs of the people.

He displayed his superiority as a *parvenu*  
of genius, and was astonished at himself.

He crushed others, proclaiming himself to  
be the head of the republic. After having  
carried popularity, he braved it as a wild  
beast, which he dared to devour him. His  
vice was as bold as his brow. He had push-  
ed political mistrust even to crime in the  
tolerated days of September. He had defi-  
ed remorse, but it overcame him. He was  
beset by it. Blood followed his footsteps.

A secret horror mingled with the admiration  
he inspired. He felt this, and sought to sepa-  
rate himself from his past. Uncultivated  
in his nature, he had impulses of humanity  
as he had of fury. He had low vices but  
generous passions—in a word, he had a  
heart. This heart in his later days, return-  
ed to God through sensibility, pity, and  
love. He deserved at the same time curses  
and pity. He was the Colossus of the  
Revolution—the head of gold, bosom of  
fire, loins of brass, feet of clay. He pro-  
truded, the apex of the Convention appear-  
ed lowered. He had been its clouds, light-  
ning, thunder. In losing him, the moun-  
tain lost its summit."—*Lamar-tine's Gi-  
rondists*.

Anecdotes of Dogs.

The following are selected from a great  
variety of interesting anecdotes of dogs in  
Capt. Brown's "Popular Natural History,"  
just published.

An English gentleman some time ago  
went to Vauxhall Gardens (France) with a  
large mastiff, which was refused admittance,  
and the gentleman left him in the care of  
the body guards, who are placed there. The  
Englishman, some time after he had enter-  
ed, returned to the gate and informed the  
guards that he had lost his watch, telling  
the sergeant that if he would permit him to  
take in the dog, he would soon discover the  
chief. His request being granted, the gen-  
tleman made motions to the dog of what he  
had lost, which immediately ran about  
amongst the company, and traversed the  
gardens, till at last he laid hold of a man.

The gentleman insisted that this person had  
got his watch; and on being searched, not  
only his watch, but six others were discov-  
ered in his pockets. What is more remark-  
able, the dog possessed such a perfection of  
instinct, as to take his master's watch from  
the other six, and carry it to him!

Of the aliveness of the dog in recovering  
the lost property of its master, we shall give  
one other instance. M. Dumont, a trades-  
man of the Rue St. Denis, Paris, offered to  
lay a wager with a friend, that if he were to  
hide a six-livre piece in the dust, his dog  
would discover and bring it to him. The  
wager was accepted, and the piece of money  
secreted, after being carefully marked.

When they had proceeded some distance  
from the spot, M. Dumont called to his dog  
that he had lost something, and ordered him  
to seek it. Caniche immediately turned  
back, while his master and his companion  
pursued their walk to the Rue St. Denis.  
Meanwhile a traveller, who happened to be  
just then returning in a small chaise from  
Vincennes, perceived the piece of money,  
which his horse had kicked from its hiding  
place; he alighted, took it up, and drove to  
his inn in Rue Pont-aux-Choux, and Cani-  
che had just reached the spot in search of  
the lost piece when the stranger picked it up.

He followed the chaise, went into the  
inn, and stuck close to the traveller. Hav-  
ing scented out the coin, which he had been  
ordered to bring back, in the pocket of the  
latter, he leaped up incessantly about him.  
The gentleman, supposing him to be some  
dog that had been lost or left behind by his  
master, regarded his different movements as  
marks of fondness; and as the animal was  
handsome, he determined to keep him. He  
gave him a good supper, and on retiring to  
bed, took him with him to his chamber. No  
sooner had he pulled off his clothes, than  
they were seized by the dog; the owner con-  
ceiving he wanted to play with them, took  
them away again. The animal began to  
bark at the door, which the traveller open-  
ed, under the idea that he wanted to go out.  
Caniche instantly snatched up an article of  
dress and away he flew. The stranger pos-  
sessed after him with his nightcap on, and  
literally *sans-culottes*. Anxiety for the fate of  
his pants, which were in one of the pockets,  
gave redoubled velocity to his steps.

Caniche ran full speed to his master's house,  
where the stranger arrived a moment after-  
wards, breathing and happy. He accused  
the dog of robbing him. "Sir," said the mas-  
ter, "my dog is a very faithful creature, and  
if he has run away with your clothes, it is  
because you have in them money which he  
does not belong to you." The traveller be-  
came still more enraged. "Compose  
yourself, sir," rejoined the other smiling;  
"without doubt, there is in your purse, a six-  
livre piece, with such and such marks,  
which you picked up in the Boulevard St.  
Antoine, and which I threw down there with  
a firm conviction that my dog would bring  
it back again. This is the cause of the rob-  
bery which he committed upon you!" The  
stranger's rage now yielded to astonishment;  
he delivered the six-livre piece to the owner,  
and could not forbear caressing the dog  
which had given him so much uneasiness  
and such an unpleasant chase.

Manoed Hunters.

They take the four animals, not only by  
the ordinary artifices of traps and weapons  
adapted to every circumstance, but also by  
putting themselves as much as possible on  
an equality with the animals pursued, going  
on all fours and imitating the brutes in voice  
and clothing. They contribute by far the  
largest portion of the skins of the Polar bear  
brought to the fair of Obdorsk; and in con-  
sequence of their more intimate acquaint-  
ance with these animals, they do not regard  
them with the same dread as Europeans. The  
Samoyedes assert that the white bear far  
exceeds the black bear in strength and  
ferocity, while fully equal to it in cunning,  
yet owing to his unwieldiness they encounter  
it without fear, and always reckon on  
victory as certain. A man will often go  
singly against a Polar bear, eight feet long,  
without any other weapon than his knife,  
which he fastens to the end of a pole. In  
spring and autumn these animals are found  
on the ice, near the holes from which the

seals come forth to breathe. There the bear  
covers himself up with snow facing the hole,  
and with one paw stretched into the water.  
The Samoyedes, at the same time, practice  
like artifice, for they, as well as the bears,  
conceal themselves near these openings; but  
they let the seals come out upon the ice, and  
then cut off their retreat by shoving a board  
over the hole. About midsummer, when the  
ice on the coast is broken up, white bears  
pass over in great numbers to the main  
land, where they find nothing to subsist on  
but a few mice. Some remaining on the  
floating ice islands, perhaps, can still pro-  
cure seals. But beyond the Polar circle,  
they all collectively keep a strict fast for a  
season, for they lie motionless, rolled up in  
the snow near the sea shore, from the dis-  
appearance till the return of the sun. The  
black bears, in Kamchatka, experience  
similar vicissitudes, for they too pass, in the  
course of the year, from the indulgence of  
great voracity to the scantiest fare, and then  
fast completely during the winter.—*Ger-  
man's Siberia*.

Snuff-up People.

The head of the family, whose natural  
history we are about to put forth, is Mr.  
Spangle Lacquer. He is reported to have  
made a great deal of money somehow or  
another, but in what precise way is not  
known; and he has passed through the  
three degrees of compassion appropriated to  
commercial wealth, in the stages of shop-  
keeper, tradesman, and merchant. He pre-  
fers an uncomfortable house at an enormous  
rent in the Hyde Park division of the Blue  
Book to any of the most eligible mansions he  
could command for half the sum in a less  
fashionable part of the town, because stylish  
persons live there, and he may be taken for  
one of them. Mrs. Spangle Lacquer is a  
very fine lady. She dresses by the fashion-  
books, believing *berthe* and *hairs* to be  
words of equal worth in the world, and has  
reserved seats at all fashionable morning  
concerts; indeed, she was not to be seen  
at M. Benedict's, she would not hold up  
her head for the season afterwards. She has  
also a pew in a very fashionable church,  
where religion is made a medium for the  
display of bonnets in the interior and liv-  
eries at the doors; and where some theological  
paraphrase is supported by the clergyman,  
who puts on a black robe when he ought to  
wear a white one; or turns one way when  
he reads instead of another; or has an altar  
built out from the wall instead of into it,  
or performs other antics so well calculated to  
shake the faith of all in our sublime nation-  
al creed, when they see that upon such  
most contemptible points does his holy pa-  
trist appear to depend. The young lady  
Lacquer is an immature daguerotype of  
her mother. Their names are Emily and  
Elizabeth, which they spell, at the end of  
notes, "Emilie" and "Bessie." They talk  
much of the Opera and the Gardens dur-  
ing the season; and never go out shopping  
without a page at their heels, except when  
in their carriage.—*Albert Smith*.

The author of "The New Timon," traces  
with living pen, the treachery of a "real-estate-  
man" of other days, and which is but the outline  
of all despots, despots now, as in the past,  
to meet the tribulation of their villainy.

A distant kinsman, Ludwick his name,  
Reign'd in their state, a king of sage repute;  
Not that in youth he sow'd the seeds of fame,  
When trees he planted, what he ask'd was  
fruit.

War storm'd the state, and civic discord rears  
He shunn'd the tempest till its wrath was spent.  
"Safe in serener lands he pass'd his prime;  
But must not vainly on the strife arise:  
Return'd, he watch'd—the husbandman of time;  
The second harvest